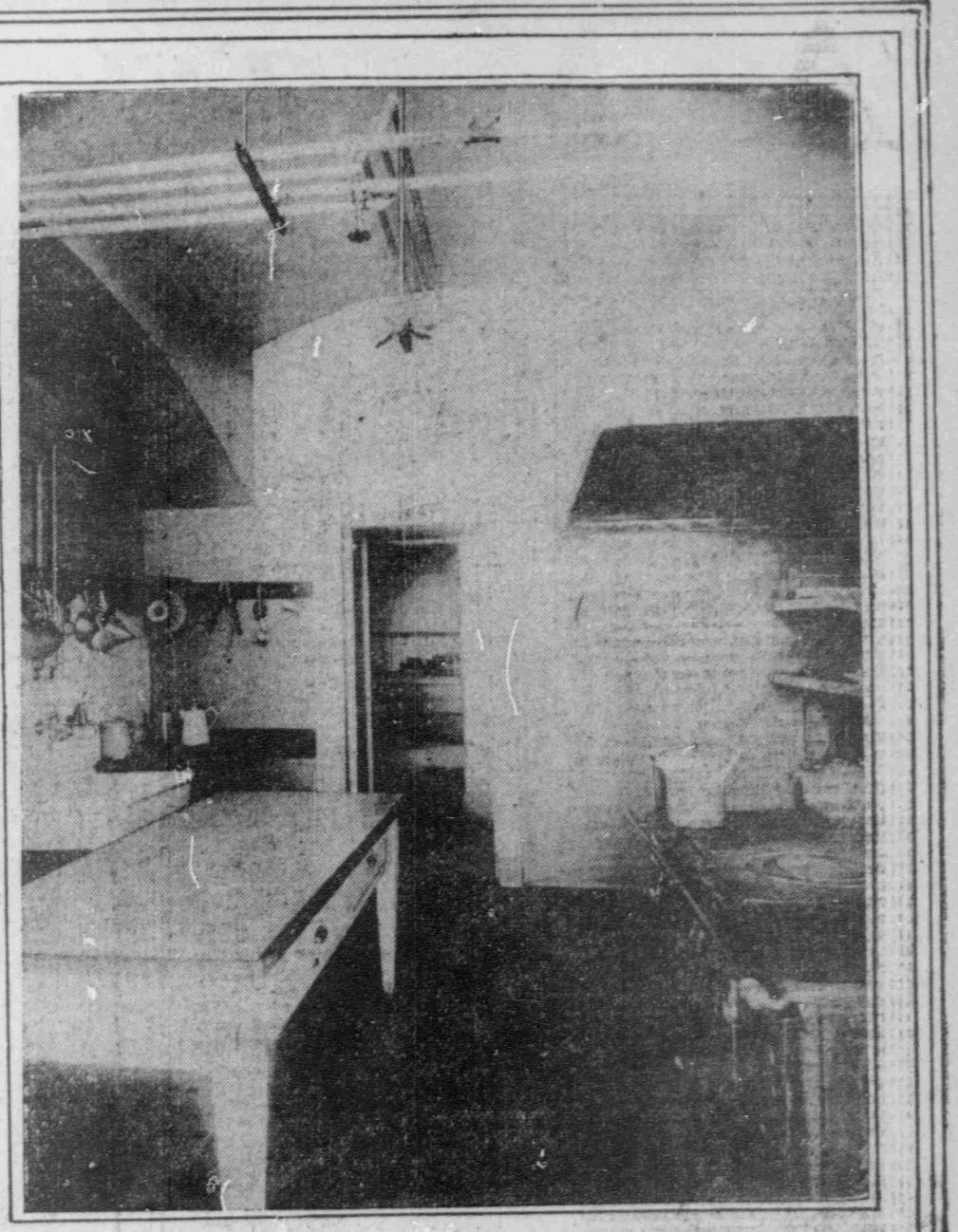


Where The President's Turkey Will Be Cooked.



President's Private Dining Room.



Family or Small Kitchen at Presidential Mansion.

Glimpse Into the Kitchens at the White House in Which Annie O'Rourke Is the Presiding Genius and a "Joowel."

RIGHT thankfully will President Roosevelt eat his Thanksgiving turkey this year.

Quiet affairs, though merry, have been the Thanksgiving dinners of the Presidents of the United States, and those of the Roosevelt family have proved no exception to the rule; they claim the right of all American citizens, to gather about the board on that day the members of their families and intimate friends for what is known as a good old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Such has been the custom of President Roosevelt the last three years and he will probably stick to it for the rest of his Presidential career.

On these occasions the private dining room in the White House is used. The state dining room, where the President entertains at dinner eighty or a hundred guests at one time, is too large and formal for a family party. The private dining room, which by the way is nearly twice as large as any other private dining room in Washington, is located in the northwest corner of the Executive Mansion. It is a charming room and in spite of its size has a homelike and cozy air. There is a tradition that President Hayes departed from the usual custom and on every Thanksgiving Day entertained all of the employees about the White House at dinner. The secretaries, clerks, telegraph operators and other men who helped to handle the daily work of the Chief Executive of the United States were bidden to these dinners, which it is said were greatly enjoyed. It has been the custom of many of the Presidents to provide all of the married men employed about the White House with Thanksgiving turkeys, but this plan has been neglected by President Roosevelt.

The great majority of the citizens of the United States must buy their Thanksgiving Day turkeys, but this has never been the case with the Presidents. From far and near the finest turkeys in the land are sent to the man who annually writes the proclamation appointing a day of thanks. For a number of years, indeed, ever since Grant's time, Henry Voss, the turkey king of Rhode Island, has furnished the bird selected for the President's table, and he will probably do the same this year.

Although it has not been decided who will sit down to the table on Thanksgiving Day with President Roosevelt, it is said that he will gather a few of his congenial friends about him on this occasion as he has done in former years. Last year the party at dinner was small, but later in the evening more friends of the family came to the White House and an impromptu dance was arranged, in which the President took part with all his natural vim.

Where the Turkey Is Cooked.

And where is the great American bird prepared for this joyful occasion? Where else but the White House kitchen, to be sure. Mrs. Roosevelt has proved herself a model housewife, and her kitchen, both the large, where the state dinners are cooked, and the small, which is used for the family meals, are spick and span. They have recently received a thorough overhauling in preparation for the coming season, and are now in capital shape to stand the strain of constant entertainments. And they need be, for at no other house in the country is there so much entertaining as at the White House, where, under the present regime, hardly a meal passes that there are not some friends to sit down for a bite with the hospitable President. And even these so-called family dinners are course affairs, with menus that would stagger the average housekeepers.

But the White House kitchens are capable of meeting all the demands put upon them. These demands cover a wide range, and include the preparation of food which shall tickle alike the palates of the wily Chinese and epicurean Frenchman. The way to a man's heart, even a diplomat's, is through his

stomach. How much then depends upon the dinners at which the representatives of the nations assemble. If only the cook knew it the fate of nations may depend upon the turn of a leg of lamb.

The President's "kitchen cabinet" is headed by Annie O'Rourke. She is the chief cook and it is to her that Mrs. Roosevelt intrusts the arrangement of her dinners. She is a "joowel" and is capable of getting up dinners fit to set before a king, and is therefore quite capable of looking after a mere republican President. Undoubtedly she has a genius for choosing the right dishes, and her menus are almost invariably approved by the mistress of the White House.

Under her, and next in importance in the kitchen realm, is Mary McGuire, who is the first assistant cook.

In addition to these two chief cooks are a number of under-servants, to whom are intrusted the minor duties about the kitchen.

Nearly all of these are white. In fact, there are more white servants employed in the White House at present than there were under any former Administration. Many of the maids have served Mrs. Roosevelt for years, and she brought them to Washington with her from the North. In the dining room, however, the blacks have the call. At all dinners for parties not exceeding thirty are prepared by the regular cooking force, headed by Annie O'Rourke. When there is to be a large state dinner caterers are called in from outside and put in charge of the arrangements. The work, however, is done in the White House kitchens.

Kitchen Fittings.

The kitchens, of which there are two, have been relegated to the basement in the Executive Mansion. The largest is forty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, the smaller, which is used for family cooking, is about half that size. They are light and airy kitchens and would delight the soul of a true housekeeper. In both rooms the walls are wainscoted to height of six or seven feet, which adds greatly to the general effect. The main kitchen, which is directly beneath the dining room, is lighted by two ground glass windows which effectively prevent the curious from peeping at the cooking dinners of the President, and at the same time permit plenty of light to enter the room. Covering almost the whole of one side of the main kitchen is the great hooded range, amply provided with bakings and warming ovens. It is really a tremendous affair and requires a goodly amount of coal when it is fired up for the large dinners. Adjoining this range is a large hot water boiler, which has a capacity of some two or three hogheads and beyond it is the long porcelain sink at which all the dishes are washed. The size of this sink may be conceived when it is remembered that in it are washed all the dishes used at a ten-course dinner, set for a hundred guests.

In the center of the room is a large deal table suspended from the ceiling above which is a ponderous circular iron swing or rack. On its prongs are hung the cooking utensils when there is to be a state dinner. The cooking utensils, many of which are copper and highly polished, make a fine showing when brought from their places in the cupboards and shelves to be hung above the deal table ready to the hand of the cook, or rather cooks, to whom are intrusted the cooking of the large dinners. Two immense closets, painted white and with large glass doors to the upper half, stand at the opposite side of the room from the range. In the upper part of these closets, the part which is shelved, is filled with tinware and crockery. The lower portion is divided into bins and compartments wherein are stored flour, meal, and cereals, sugar, salt, and spices.

The fittings in the smaller kitchen are on the same general plan, although proportionately less in size. The range in this smaller room eats up coal all the

year round, for even when the President and his family are away in the summer time the meals of the White House attendants who are on duty all the year round must be cooked here. The main kitchen serves as the servants' dining-room, and their dinner table is capable of seating a dozen at a time. What a chance for a modern "High life below stairs."

Two electric dumb-waiters carry the dishes from the kitchen to the butler's pantry which adjoins the state and private dining rooms. Electric lights and the dumb-waiters are the only fittings about the kitchen where electricity is called into play. Some day when the Democrats cease shouting about Jeffersonian simplicity it may be that electricity will be used for cooking and heating purposes as well, but until that dim and distant time it is likely that coal will be the fuel used in the White House kitchens. These dumb-waiters are accessible from each of the kitchens. Nor do they stop only at the pantry, but continue up to a second-story pantry where is kept all the glass and china used by the President.

China on Which Turkey Is Served.

This glass and china is practically new, having been selected by Mrs. Roosevelt about a year ago. In the china service there are 1,320 pieces, which, as they say in the North, is "quite a few." The plates are decorated with gold, as are the rest of the china, the only color design about them being the enameled seal of the United States. Mrs. Roosevelt chose the present design from seventy-eight which were submitted to her. The cut glass used on the President's table also bears the seal of the United States.

The dumb-waiters are not the only means of access to the butler's pantry from the kitchen, for a circular iron stairway ascends from the smaller kitchen to the pantry. Directly across the hall from the kitchen is the private office of the White House steward, the refrigerator, and the storerooms. The interior of the storerooms presents the appearance of a miniature grocery store. All the staples are purchased by the White House steward in large quantities and are ranged on the shelves. Everything from breakfast foods to soap are to be found on these shelves. Careful inventories are taken at intervals to determine what must be replenished, and a new stock is laid in. Not only do the storerooms in the basement hold the groceries for the household, but a number of great, old-fashioned chests in which are kept the gold and silver plate used on the White House table. Each piece is wrapped in flannel. There are, too, tuge trays of knives, forks, and spoons.

Nor do the treasures end here. Quantities of table linen of the finest quality, cupboards filled with all manner of table decorations, such as colored candles and their silk shades of corresponding tint, and wonderful centerpieces. The Presidential refrigerators resemble more a cold-storage room than the dumpy little affair that is used in most houses. There are different compartments which can be reduced to the required temperature. In them are kept the perishable foods, including the dairies sent to the President from time to time by his friends and admirers all over the country, and also those from his farm at Oyster Bay.

Past White House Kitchens.

The late Mrs. Harrison took a large part in bringing the White House kitchens to their present order and cleanliness. The original kitchen from the time of Abigail Adams until Mrs. Lincoln entered the White House was in the center part of the basement where the engine room is now located. It was so dark there that Mrs. Lincoln had the kitchen removed to its present site. By the time Mrs. Harrison became mistress of the Executive Mansion the kitchens were sadly in need of repair. They were infested with insects and in a generally dilapidated condition. She immediately had the entire basement thoroughly renovated. Cemented floor and white tiles were added in the kitchen together with a whole new system of plumbing.

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all the food that is consumed in the White House, both upstairs and down, the Government has very kindly provided a man to spend his money for him. This man, who is called the steward, receives a salary of \$1,800 a year. He is required to give bond for the safety of the supplies, china, cut glass, gold and silver plate. A distinct auto-

crat in his own domain, the steward has charge of hiring and discharging the under servants in the laundry and kitchens. Pinckney, a negro, who has been in the service of President Roosevelt for a number of years, is now the steward. He occupied much the same position in the President's household when he was governor of New York. A

special horse and market wagon are provided for the steward, and he makes daily trips to market, buying wherever he thinks the best food can be obtained. Unlike the kings of foreign countries, the President has no selected purveyors. There are no "Butchers to His Royal Highness," and the choice is left largely to Pinckney.

Main Kitchen, Showing Large Range in White House

Turkey's Far-Reaching Secret Service and How It Works

LIKE Russia's, Turkey's secret service is one of the most complete and far-reaching in the world. There are spies of the Sultan in the German army, in the streets of St. Petersburg, in the cafes of Paris, as servants in the families of English nobility, and even in New York they secretly watch the enemies of the Turkish government.

But it is especially in the Slavic principalities on its northern borders and in Greece that Turkey has its secret agents. So thorough is the system there that even the privately expressed opinions of government officials reach the ears of the head of the Turkish police system. These spies are especially watchful of the Macedonian insurgent bands, and they have often succeeded in joining these bands, only to betray them at a critical moment.

"The fact that a suspected man takes part in a fight and kills his Turk is not positive proof that he is no spy," says Ivan Radouloff, a Macedonian now in New York and a veteran of several insurgent campaigns.

Permitted to Kill Turks.

"The instructions of a secret service agent permit him to take Turkish lives, if by so doing he can gain the further confidence of the enemy. A case of that sort was illustrated some months ago before I left Macedonia.

"In a certain town where the secret insurgent committee was unusually active a succession of unaccountable disasters almost paralyzed the insurrection in that district. First, two of our leaders were captured and one hand was surrounded as it was leaving town one morning and almost annihilated. Then caches of arms and ammunition were discovered and captured, and some of

the most active members of the local committee were thrown into prison and tortured into confessions.

"Suspicion finally centered on a young Serb. He had been out with the band several times and had distinguished himself as a fighter. He once attacked two bashi-bazouks single handed and killed both. This deed had made his comrades reluctant to suspect him of treachery. But it finally became impossible to deny that he was always near when discoveries were made and suspects arrested.

Local Committee Sits Trap.

"One night the local committee met and sent him with a message. While he was gone they discussed plans to entrap him, and when he returned they were ready. The president then informed the committee that in a certain cave several miles out of town 100 rifles, with a corresponding amount of ammunition, were hidden. The Serb was the only one who did not know that this statement was false.

"Next night ten insurgents concealed themselves in the cave and waited for the midnight they heard the tramp of feet. They saw a squad of Turkish soldiers in the moonlight, and at the head of them was the Serb. The Turks waited while he stepped inside the cave. As he did so, an insurgent slipped in behind a rock at the entrance, and as the Serb passed him he drove a Turkish yataghan almost through him. The other Macedonians then fired upon the detail of soldiers and drove them back to the village."

Many Women Are Employed.

The Turkish spy system includes a great number of women. The basis upon which the Turkish police work is that a beautiful woman may learn the secrets of Allah himself. At a moment of fact, their most useful information comes from women.

A wealthy Albanian, who was leader of several rebellions against the Turks,

was one time, during a period of peace, presented with a beautiful wife as an addition to his harem by the pasha of the province. The Albanian was immensely pleased and made the woman his favorite wife, which position she held for over a year.

Meanwhile, it became known among the Albanian revolutionary leaders that some of their most important secrets were mysteriously reaching the ears of the military authorities. They appointed several of their number to track down the source of the leakage of information. One evening one of the Albanian spies observed a small Nubian boy leaving the headquarters of the khaimakam. He recognized the boy as the attendant of the woman who had been given as a present to the insurrectionary leader. The spy reported his discovery and the Nubian boy was watched. The spies caught him one evening going down to the town and searched him, but without result.

Letter Found in His Fez.

Then, according to the Albanian merchant in New York who tells this story, they proceeded to torture the boy, and learned that every time he was sent to the office of the khaimakam, his fez was taken away from him and returned after a long interval. The Albanians immediately examined the boy's fez and found a letter in the lining. They took this and let the boy go, threatening him with a terrible death if he revealed their identities.

The Albanians, not recognizing the handwriting of the letter, at once suspected their leader himself, not thinking that the boy was the exclusive attendant of the leader's favorite wife. When they reached their headquarters in the mountains it was only to learn that their leader had been arrested and was in prison, while the favorite wife had fled.

Such is one of the favorite methods of spying employed, not only by pashas, but by the sultan himself. A Bulgarian army officer now in

New York tells the story of a priest spy in a small Bulgarian town near the Turkish border. It is in this region that many Macedonian bands secretly organize. Shortly after the appointment of this priest to his parish, many arrests followed in Macedonia. It was only through a curious accident that suspicion finally rested on the priest.

A young Macedonian refugee was out wandering over the hills one day, when he finally lay down to rest. Before him was a road, mountains, the priest's road stood a wooden cross, to which all passersby, according to custom, made the sign of the cross. The young exile was well hidden in the bushes. Presently he observed the parish priest approach and as he reached the cross, he saluted it, but not as a Christian. He made the sign of the Mohammedan appeal to Allah. The boy reported what he had seen to an insurgent leader.

The priest was called away from his home one evening shortly after by a rumor, and his house entered by Macedonians. This was an act that only the gravest suspicions could have persuaded them to commit. Indisputable proof of the priest's guilt was discovered. He had entered the church as a novice years before, and had been a Mohammedan spy all the while he was professing Christianity.

The intruders restored everything they had disturbed and reported to their secret local revolutionary committee. A tribunal was formed at night in the neighboring mountains, the priest was forcibly taken there and tried. They spent two nights giving him full opportunity to defend himself, but the decision went against him. Two of the committee members were selected by lot, and they shot him.

American Rifle Agent Foiled.

An agent of a large American firearm manufacturing house made a special visit to the Bulgarian capital, Sofia, with the object of getting a contract to supply the Bulgarian army with the make of rifle which the firm manufactured. It was only with the greatest diffi-

culty that he could get his one specimen rifle through Austria. He arrived safely in Sofia, however, and was allowed to present his rifle at the testing grounds, where representatives of other gun manufacturing firms were competing with their specimens—some German, some English. The American rifle was given first trial. Then came the English and German gun men. The comparative penetrating merits of each rifle was carefully tested, and to his surprise, the American found his inferior to the others, whereas he had expected to score especially on that one point. He insisted upon a second trial, but again his bullets failed to penetrate the testing wood as deeply as those of his competitors.

Of course, his gun was closed out of the contest, and he returned to Paris much chagrined over a defeat that he felt he did not deserve. On the train, between Sofia and Vienna, he did much thinking. His cigars were of a remarkably good brand, presented to him by Prince Ferdinand and his wife, and he thought of a definite train of thought.

Valet Had Suddenly Left Him.

He remembered that the valet he had engaged in Paris had suddenly left him in Sofia just after his failure at the proving range. He remembered that he claimed to be Greek, although he had never gone into reminiscent talks of his native district, as a man would be likely to do with one who was his daily associate. Then it struck him that the wages the fellow had asked were remarkably small and that he always declined tips.

At Vienna the American got off his train, went to a hotel, retired to a room and brought out his testing apparatus. He opened one cartridge after another and carefully examined it. Each one had been tampered with. Then he cursed the thoughtlessness which had allowed him to give his gun and ammunition into the keeping of a Turkish spy, and kept the Bulgarian army from being equipped with a rifle superior to that used by the Turkish army.